

THE WEEKLY CLARION.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.—A Washington telegram announces that it is positively ascertained that the negotiations now pending with respect to the claims growing out of the Alabama's depredations on commerce, are being vigorously prosecuted, and that there is every likelihood of an early and satisfactory result being attained.

A Southern Relief Association has been organized at Louisville under the management of several of the most influential citizens of that city. The utter destitution of some parts of the South, appeal from its desolation to the humanity of the whole country.

A NEW JAPAN TREATY.—The draft of yet another commercial treaty with Japan has just been received at the State department, at Washington. It is much more favorable than that promulgated by the President in his proclamation, making concessions of the most thoroughly free trade character, and highly conducive to the extension of our commerce with that country. It is duly signed by the tycoon, and only awaits ratification by our government to assure its being concluded.

One of the agents of the Southern Express Company, at Demopolis, Ala., named W. W. Steadman, decamped some days since, taking some three or four thousand dollars of the Company's money with him. Our agents here hearing of the facts, sent Mr. Ben. Cleaves after the gent, who, through the assistance of the citizens of Grand Lake, Ark., succeeded in capturing him, and recovering most of the money. Steadman is now in the county Jail, of Warren county.—Vicksburg Herald.

The Colored Convention of Albany, New York, on Wednesday, adopted resolutions claiming that the elective franchise should be restored to, not bestowed on them, and denouncing the \$250 qualification clause as unjust. The resolution also looks to the consolidation of colored citizens as a distinct part of the Republican organization.

On Saturday a serious affray occurred in Scott county, Kentucky, in which three persons were killed and two or three wounded. Lieutenant Roby, of the Seventh Kentucky Cavalry, was severely if not mortally stabbed. A young man named Rawling, is one of the killed. The affray commenced about paying ten cents for a drink of whiskey. The affair has caused much excitement in that county.

Philips spoke Tuesday at the Cooper Institute to a large audience. His remarks were largely the same as uttered in his Boston speech. He made very bitter attacks upon the President, General Grant, the Cabinet officers, Senator Wilson, Horace Greely, and Henry Ward Beecher. He urged that the President should be immediately deposed and his office sequestered pending impeachment.

An "original free negro" has sued out a process against the Freedmen's Bureau agent in Lexington, Va., and the Mayor of the town bound the agent over to keep the peace in a bond of fifty dollars. The agent refused to give the bond, denying that he was subject to civil jurisdiction. Action was suspended in the matter until the case could be laid before Major General Schofield.

The Richmond Dispatch of Saturday says: "We learn that the committee appointed at the last meeting of the stockholders of the National Express Company have succeeded in nearly completing their arrangements to carry on this company with renewed vigor; that arrangements are in progress for connecting with the Merchants Union Express Company, who will conduct the business North, East and West, whilst the National will carry on the Southern portion."

OFFICIAL TENDERS.—Very sentimental.—The Herald's Washington letter of Monday says:

Captain Dick Meade, of the navy, had a warm interview with Secretary Stanton, to-day. The Secretary has ordered the rebel archives to be placed in Captain Meade's house, instead of Ford's theatre, which was purchased for that purpose, on the ground that it would be disrespectful to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, who was killed there, to place these rebel memorials in that building. Captain Meade claims that such use of the house of his late mother is objectionable on the same ground, and he demands that the government shall take the house off his hands.

An invasion of grasshoppers, that has been sweeping over the plains, now threatens Northern Texas. They make their appearance in myriads at Camp Verde, fifty miles above San Antonio. They are to late however, to damage the crops this year.

PREBTERIAN.—The Canton (Miss.) Citizen of the 20th, says:

Synod of Mississippi met in our city on last Wednesday night. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. J. H. Rice. The last Moderator, Rev. R. Price, was re-elected. About sixty-five members are in attendance. Various subjects of interest are before the Synodical Repository, the changing of Presbyterian lines, domestic missions, etc.

ABGENA PITT;
OR,
UNKNOWN DEVOTION.

BY MISS C. CORINNE LESTER.

CHAPTER XXII.

How poor are they who have no patience! What wound did ever heal, but by degrees? Humility, that low, sweet root, From which all heavenly virtues shoot. Moore.

"Gracious, sakes, Miss Josephine, you ain't to vex us."
"I fear I shall be obliged to."
"Land o' liberty haint we making lots o' money?"

"I hope you are my dear friend."
"Why on earth du yer persecute me by going?"
"Because I think I can do better."
"How much better? I'll be bound that Mr. S.—will commend me with with me to giv yer all yu want ef yu'll only stop with us."

This conversation was carried on in Gena's room, at C.—in Tennessee. Miss Hopkins had appeared before the public several times; but application to study did not suit her; her memory was poor, and her own style of rendering her thoughts was preferable to her taste than the language of dramatic writers.

Polly was something of a business woman, and loved excitement; the wandering life of a traveling company suited her and consoled her for her disappointment in her inability to become an actress.

She was a true hearted woman, and had more sense than one would at first be disposed to give her credit for.

It was nearly two years since she left New York. The company had traveled over a great part of the South. Sometimes playing to Confederate soldiers and perhaps the next week playing to the Federals. It was immaterial to manager S.— & Co. whose money they took, so long as they realized at the end of each week a large profit.

Mr. S. had taken into partnership, Miss Hopkins, he understood her peculiarities well, and assimilated her self to them in order to gain the use of her money, which in time enabled him to make more money for them both.

Polly was easy to manage when allowed to thoroughly understand when and how every cent was spent.

Gena had patiently followed the arduous duties belonging to the life of an actress; yet she preferred seclusion, she courted not admiration but retirement—her first impressions of a theatrical life were agreeable, but the stern truths of a public life were now familiar to her, and hence her loathing of all pertaining to publicity and celebrity.

She still cherished a love for the drama, and often indulged in fancy's dreams of the great honor and gratification it would give her to be able to create characters of her own, endowing them with qualities and opinions such as she had learned of human nature, since she had mingled with the world.

Some, ever true, living as it were in the very midst of crime, and yet remaining pure and honest, others surrounded with all the blessings which life can offer and yet they are vile and accursed of mankind.

Gena appreciated the kindness and protection which Polly was ever showing her, hence when Charley, the comedian of the company addressed her many times with his fulsome offers she complained not to Polly or Mr. S.—She knew that Charley was the cause of their full houses; as people like to laugh rather than to cry. The comedian in every theatre is a favorite and Charley was very funny, and so universally liked.

Gena was confident if Polly knew how she had been insulted, and how unhappy she was, constantly fearing the tricks of this base man, who was worth so much to the manager; yet he would be told to leave even if his place could not be filled, which would be quite a difficult thing to do, as they were South amidst the turmoil of the war and exposed to its evil effects.

Considering these things over and the great kindness of Polly, Gena had made up her mind to leave the company without assigning any reason other than her health, which was too delicate to endure the fatigue of traveling so much.

The Company departed from C., leaving Gena, who immediately made inquiries for the position of governor, which she found was difficult to get; the ravages of a civil war, and especially in an invaded country, were too distressing to permit scarcely a family to educate their children.

After waiting patiently for six weeks for an answer to her advertisement, she heard that a lady desired her to instruct her daughter in music.

Gena was delighted with what she considered her good fortune, and hastened to answer Mrs. Monroe's note.

Gena was pleased with Mrs. M., and at once engaged herself to teach music and French to Miss Clara Monroe.

"I would like for you to come here to-morrow."

"Very well," replied Gena, who had introduced herself to Mrs. M.—, under the name of Miss Johnson.

She thought it best not to retain her stage name, and her own name had been dead to her so long, she could not bear to hear it spoken by strangers, as it would remind her of the sad past. She wished to bury the sorrows and griefs she had endured for the last three years.

Gena had been in Mrs. M.—'s family nearly six months, and had learned to love Mrs. M., who was a refined and elegant Southern lady, patiently en-

during her great losses of property by the evils of war. Still she was not poor, and considered herself blessed in not having a relation in either army. Gena found Mrs. M.'s house a quiet home, and each day she strove to forget her sorrows; yet often she thought about her devoted slave.

One morning Mrs. Monroe said, while reading one of the Northern journals, "Here is good or bad news for some one."

"If Algena Pitt will apply to the office of Lawyer J., No.—, Canal st., New Orleans, she will receive a package left for her by the late Louis Pitt, of Mississippi."

"Why, Miss Johnson," exclaimed Clara, "are you ill?"

But Gena heard her not; she had fainted.

Clara and her mother soon saw that their gentle governess was unconscious. They resorted to the usual restoratives, but it was some time before she recovered.

Her friends were very gentle and kind to her, neither referring to the advertisement, feeling convinced that it was that which made her ill.

When alone with Mrs. M., Gena told her that she must leave her for a few weeks. Mrs. M. kindly advised her to remain quiet for a few days.

But Gena was too anxious to learn all she could about her father's death to think of delaying her journey.

She hurried to New Orleans, visited Lawyer J., and obtained the manuscript left to her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LOUIS PITTS' CONFESSION.

Man's crimes are his worst enemies, following like shadows till they drive his steps into the pit he dug. Chas. K.

I was an only child, my parents were Americans, but I was born and raised in France, indulged in every thing which my wild fancy desired. When I was eighteen years old I was left an orphan with only a small fortune, and being always fond of excitement and anxious to see the world, I determined to travel. I first went to Rome, and afterwards all the places of note in Italy.

While I was at Rome I became acquainted with a very wealthy family by the name of Bertoni, who had an adopted daughter, or rather a ward, who was very beautiful, and hence receiving great attention from every one. Mademoiselle Cora Lafayette was born in France, her father was a French officer, and her mother was a distant relation of Madame Bertoni.

Cora Lafayette kindly, and as I thought favorably received my addresses, but when I asked her hand in marriage I learned that she was already engaged to an Italian nobleman, Count P. I at once hated her, as I thought that she had acted the part of a coquette, and even now I believe she tried to win my heart only to exercise her powers of attraction. I did not permit her to see that I felt ill towards her, hiding my feelings I kindly left her presence, to study revenge.

In three months she was married to Count P. at her home in Florence, about this time I was obliged to leave Italy to attend to some business in France. I still gratified my wish for traveling, and returned to Italy after an absence of two years—I was anxious to learn something about the Countess and was informed that the Count and his family were in Paris, but were expected home in about three months.

In the meantime I went to Rome, remaining there through the carnival week, enjoying the society of many gay and reckless young men of my own age. I had nearly spent the fortune left to me by my father; so I found it necessary for me to gamble in good earnest.

During this happy week for every Italian, I became acquainted with a peasant girl, whose peculiar style of beauty for an Italian elicited general admiration. She was a perfect *Monde*, and the most lovely being I ever saw. I loved her the first time I ever saw her, and soon found that my ardent love was returned. We often met; I was unhappy even if I left her presence for a day. I cared not for the future, and secretly married her. We were very happy, so happy that I almost forgot my hatred to the Countess, until I found that my money was not sufficient to surround Florence with all the elegance I desired to give her. In one year after we were married, Estelle was born, about this time Count P. suddenly died, leaving an only child—a little girl about two years old. I now learned that Count P. had no fortune only his title, and that Cora only married him to please her adopted parents, whom she fondly loved.

At the expiration of one year after the Count's death, I renewed my addresses to the Countess; not because I loved her, but I so worshipped my Florence and her babe, that I thirsted to give them all that money could enable me to surround them with.

I knew that my wife loved me too well to inquire into my movements when out of her sight. She was contented and happy with the little secluded home I had provided for her, so long as I gave her my society ten hours out of every twenty-four.

I cannot account for the great love I had, and still retain for Florence, who was not my equal in taste or mind.

I was pleased to see that I daily grew in favor with the Countess, but when I again asked her hand in marriage, she informed me that she had loved from childhood Mark Montidonio, who was not liked by her friends, and that was still worse, Montidonio was betrothed by the dying request of his father, to marry his cousin when she became of age, who was now dead.

having died since the Countess' marriage with Count P.

"Heaven, you see," said the Countess in her soft alluring voice, "has ordained that I shall marry Montidonio. It is true that I have not heard from him for two years, but I trust that he is living."

I was now filled with hatred and jealousy, to be again rejected, and when I so desired marrying to gladden the days of those whom I truly loved. In a moment the fiend took possession of me. I rushed on, not heeding the result. I was determined to gain control of the vast wealth belonging to her. I quickly concealed all this great notion of feeling, and humbly asked if she would allow me to inform her what I knew of Senator Montidonio. She earnestly begged me to do so, at the same time saying:

"Mr. Ovis, I shall always think of you as a dear brother; indeed, I love you next to Montidonio."

When I heard these words I was overjoyed, not because the Countess was so chastely fond of me, but because I now felt certain of gaining all my wishes.

In the gentlest manner possible I informed her of Montidonio's death, when in truth I only knew that he had gone to America, saying that he should never return to Italy.

It was many months before the Countess recovered from this distressing news. I was one of her first visitors. I ever studied to make her miss my society. I professed great affection for her dead lover, and pretended to love the little Countess, her child. This gained the mother's love for me, and in one year from the day I fabricated the story of Montidonio's death, I married Countess P.

Florence, I fancied, knew nothing of this. I immediately sent her to Tuscany, and surrounded her with elegance. She was sad, very sad when we parted, but I soon raised her mind. She loved me so madly, it was easy for me to make her believe all I said.

I did not long have the pleasure of making her happy. Soon after my last marriage, the Countess was taken ill, remaining sick only three days, when she died. She left all her wealth to her little daughter, the Countess Cora Lafayette P.—, appointing me her guardian. Soon as possible, I hastened to Tuscany, to see Florence, and arrived there just four hours before my wife died. Some of her peasant friends had heard of my marriage with the Countess, and had informed her of it, which news killed her. When she so kindly received me and begged me to tell her the truth, I could not deceive her. Silently she listened to my story. Her pale face and soft, hazel eyes looked not reproach; when I had finished, she softly said:

"I forgive you. You sinned for me and our darling babe. I shall soon leave you, but I want you to promise me one thing before I die."
"I also hated the Countess not only for your sake, but for my own. I was once her dressing-maid, and she accused me of stealing her pearl bracelet which I knew nothing of, yet she would not expose me, and spoke kindly to me, but I would not remain with her. You say that she has constituted you her child's guardian. Convert all her property into gold, take her and our Estelle to America, and raise them as sisters, but make our Estelle the heiress. Promise me that you will do this and I die happy."

I willingly promised it. I truly loved my babe, and then I did not desire to remain in Italy after Florence was dead. My wife advised me to only known by my middle name, which was Pitt, and she named the Countess child Abgena Pitt.

About ten years ago, Madame Sinigo, Florence's sister, came to America to seek me out, and her niece. She found me, and threatened to expose me if I did not pay her a large sum of money. I did so, and every year remitted to her a sum of money. Since the war I have heard nothing of her. How she learned of my whereabouts I know not unless she overheard the conversation which took place between Florence and myself on the day I arrived at Tuscany.

If you should desire to learn anything about Montidonio, go to New York City, call on lawyer W.—, he will inform you where M.— is, if he is living.

The enclosed papers will entitle you to claim your property, and give to you the title of Countess.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GENA MEETS WITH A SURPRISE.

When Gena had finished reading Louis Pitt's confession, she could scarcely believe herself awake. She was both happy and sad. Her pale face wore the expression of blank astonishment. Dropping her hands into her lap, and gazing sadly on the papers before her, she whispered:

"What an unknown devotion. Then he was not my father, and yet how fondly I once loved him; and still strive to think kindly of him; poor man, what sorrow he caused himself. I forgive him for the wrong he has done to me, but I can never forgive him for deceiving my mother."

I'll go to Italy and learn all about her and my father.

I must visit once again my childhood's home. The old homestead I will still retain in my possession, but I can never live there. Its surroundings would constantly remind me of the past."

Gena was not elated in becoming an heiress, nor in learning that she was a Countess. This news was received with too much sorrow for trials of the beloved dead, and anxious hopes for the absent living, to afford her much joy.

She thought of Estelle, and won-

dered if she was happy; she desired to see Montidonio.

Gena was now in possession of documents which would restore to her, her rights. Sadly did she visit and roam over the dear old plantation which recalled the many silent and happy hours indulged in during her childhood days. The desolation and ruinous look of her once elegant home was emblematic of the sadness and destruction which had befallen the former inmates of Right Bower.

Three years upon the world had taught Gena many useful lessons. She was no longer ignorant of that artfulness and deception so practised among those who are influenced by the love of gain, or those who blindly pursue a wicked ambition. She had also learned that poverty, abuse and alluring temptations cannot entice the pure minded to embrace vice.

The second day she visited her home she entered the old mansion. Scarcely a thing remained as of old. The furniture was all destroyed; some of the rooms were entirely empty.

Slowly Gena dragged herself up the broad stairs leading to her own room. The death-like silence of the old place was not disturbed by the soft footfalls of its pale owner, who sadly recalled the gay and merry times, when happy and joyous hearts were wont to meet in these same halls to chase away the night in those elegant pleasures belonging to a refined and fashionable society.

When she reached her room she found the door closed, and paused before entering it. The past now came upon her like the rushing of mighty winds; the sweet and innocent lays of youth, the beloved faces of her old slaves, the secluded hours enjoyed in study, the sacred love she cherished for her supposed father, and the sisterly love she ever had for Estelle, the desolation she had endured, the temptations she had passed through, the trials she had experienced in earning her own living, all passed before her in one panorama view.

She was aroused from these dreamy meditations by a low groan coming from her room; she instantly but quietly opened the door, and saw lying upon a bed a pale emaciated being who appeared to be dead. The room had none of the appearance of its former elegance, although it looked comfortable.

Sitting by the side of the couch was a woman whose back was turned towards the door. Gena gazed in astonishment upon this strange scene, and concluding that it might be some family to whom Mr. Pitt had rented these apartments, when he left the plantation, so she turned to leave the room, and in doing so let fall her parasol. The watcher was startled by this noise and turned her head to learn the cause, when both exclaimed at once:

"Jennie!"

"Gena!"

Still the invalid slept on. In a low voice Gena asked:

"Who is it you are taking care of?"

"Do you not know?" asked Jennie.

"How should I know," replied Gena, "I did not dream the old place gave shelter to any one."

"She must be changed indeed, if you do not know her," said Jennie sadly.

"Who, who is she?" breathlessly asked Gena, almost fearing to hear the answer.

"It is Madame de L."

Gena softly crept to the bed-side and with streaming eyes, gazed upon the care-worn face of the once beautiful Estelle.

She leaned over the bed and impressed a kiss upon the invalid's smitten cheek, saying:

"My poor child, how many times I have thought of you!"

Gena asked Jennie,

"When and where did you find Estelle? Tell me all you know about her."

CHAPTER XXV.

LUCY'S STORY.

"I must first tell you how I met with Madame de L.," said Jennie.

"Tell me everything," replied Gena, sitting where she could watch Estelle's pale face.

"After remaining at H's two days, and hearing nothing from you or Mr. Morse, I went to C., but could learn nothing of either of you. I then returned to New York City, thinking perhaps you had also gone there. Soon as I arrived I went immediately to the hotel where we always stopped. The landlord told me that he had not seen you since you left for the West."

"I knew not how to seek you. I walked over the city for several days, visiting every public park, hoping that I might meet with you, each day returning to my boarding house disappointed."

"At last I found it absolutely necessary for me to go to work, as my money was nearly all gone. I answered an advertisement which I read in the daily papers, and obtained needle-work from one of those Jew establishments. I worked in this way for about a year and a half, when one night returning from the store, carrying home some work, I noticed a woman hurried along between two policemen. At once I saw that this woman was Madame de L."

"Heaven help me," exclaimed Gena, "go on, go on."

"I asked them to allow me to take her to my home. I said that I knew her, and that she was ill, when in truth I had not seen her since I left this place. But I was determined to take her from those rude men."

"After asking me several useless questions, they gave her to me. She remained silent during all this time. Putting my arm around her waist, I led her to my boarding house. She was very ill, and I had told the truth."

When we were quite by ourselves, she said:

"Do not carry me where Abgena is. I do not wish to see her."

"Poor child, poor child," sobbed Gena.

"I never thought I would ever be so kind to one who had caused you so much sorrow, but somehow when I saw her in trouble, I thought of you, and what you would do if you were in my place. I was convinced that you would have befriended her."

"Certainly I should, the poor sufferer!" said Gena still weeping.

"One day when I was sitting in Madame's room, while she was telling me how to dispose of a diamond ring in order to get some money to purchase her a dress, we were startled by a loud knock at the door, and when I opened it, I almost fainted with fright on seeing Mr. Morse standing there, but Madame screamed out in terror:

"For God's sake, Martinez, do not come near me."

He did not heed her words, but came into the room, and laughingly said:

"I did not come here to seek you, but this black wench." He then turned to me and asked:

"Where is Miss Josephine?"

And when I informed him, I did not know where you were. In a sneering way he addressed Madame:

"This hole is not much like the home I gave you at Maple Cottage. You thought you played me a trick when you ran off with my friend Wright; thank God, he had no money, and only wanted you to spite me."

"I left you because you deceived and abused me!" replied Madame.

"Well, I was almost tired of you; you ran away from your husband, and I should have known that you would soon leave me."

"Then Louis treated her ill, too," said Gena, "poor child, poor child! Tell me all, Jennie, tell me all."

Mr. Martinez soon left the room; I suppose Mr. Morse is not his right name.

Madame now constantly talked of returning South, to visit the old plantation; she said that she was convinced she could never get well. She begged me to come with her; we have been here now three months. Old Jim, your father's coachman, comes here every Saturday to bring us what we need; he is a servant to a General of the Yankee army."

"I told her I knew nothing of you. She then consented to enter the house. I gave up my room to her, as the boarding house was full, and I took a room in the attic, and sending immediately for a physician, I did all I could to make her comfortable. In three weeks she had quite recovered."

Gena was greatly affected by Lucy's story and anxious for Estelle to wake up. It was not long before Madame slowly opened her eyes and faintly asked for a drink. Gena kept hid until Jennie gently informed the invalid that her sister was there.

Estelle was pleased and immediately requested to see Gena.

The two so long separated now met, Gena kissed Estelle, who sobbed out to be forgiven.

"Oh! dear Gena, how wrong I have treated you, I have acted very badly." "Never mind, darling, never mind the past, let us love each other dearly," said Gena in a voice choked with tears.

"I must tell you all about Louis," said Estelle.

"No, dear, you need not speak of the past," said Gena, softly smoothing Estelle's brow.

"Yes, let me tell you all, dear Gena, I know I shall not live many days, and I think I shall feel better if I tell you everything."

"Very well, darling, do as you think best," said Gena.

"I would not go to father when he sent for me. I was too much engaged with pleasure to pay attention to my only parent's dying wish. When I heard of his death I was much grieved, but when his letter informed me that I was not his heiress and that you were not his child, but entitled to all his wealth, I felt like cursing him, and cared not what I did. I would not allow myself to think of the future and plunged wildly into pleasure. I never loved my husband, and hated him when I learned that he had deceived me in regard to his wealth."

I was now reckless, and listened to the love of a false, base man, called Martinez. I left the Count to share the home of this libertine. He took me to a place called Maple Cottage somewhere in Massachusetts. I there lived for ten months a dreadful life. At last one of his friends who came to visit him, to enjoy the hunting season promised to be my friend, and place me in a position where I could earn an honest living, but I was again deceived. Mr. Wright was a villain, taking me to one of his low gambling dens, where I suffered everything but death, he robbed me of all my jewelry except a small diamond ring. While I was in this place I learned of the Count's death; no doubt poverty and my bad conduct killed him. On the day I escaped from Mr. Wright's gambling place, Jennie took me to her room."

"Oh! Gena, I am punished for my wickedness and bad conduct towards you and my father. Will you forgive me?"

"I love you very dearly Estelle, and never did hold malice against you. I freely forgive you for all you have done to injure me."

Estelle was quite exhausted by the recital of her sinful career, still she appeared less unhappy. Gena now became her nurse, kindly attending to all her wants until death, relieved the unfortunate woman of her troubles.

Soon after the funeral, Gena, who was very ill, and I had told the truth."

upon lawyer N., who gave her Montidonio's address. He was living in the western part of New York State. Gena went directly to his house, told him her story, and gave him Louis Pitt's confession to read. After hearing everything, he informed Gena how anxiously he had searched for Mr. Pitt, but could learn nothing of him.

Said he: "Trene, the dressing-maid of Countess P., and once your nursery governess, came to America about four years ago to learn something of Mr. Ovis, and also to find out whether you were living or not. She went upon the stage in order to have a better chance of visiting every place, but her search was as unsuccessful as my own. A year ago last month, she died."

Montidonio now informed Gena that he